THE DEMOCRAT.

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LONESOME.

I am lonesome to-night for the gloaming,
Soft falling on valley and hill;
The low of the cattle when homing,
The plaint of the lone whippoorwill;
The cot in the grove by the river,
The pleasures that knew no alloy,
I am lonely to-night, and forever,
For scenes that I knew when a boy!

I miss the tall elms, and the beeches
That spilled their cool shadows for me!
For the long, sandy, shimmering reaches
That stretched far away by the sea;
For the moon path that trailed its white glory
Afar, and the shimmering dew!
I long to tell over life's story,
And know the old love that I knew!

I am lonesome to-night, and I'm weary;
No toil brings forgetting or peace,
And my eyes have grown dim; life is dreary;
No thing brings my longings surcease!
No lore of the wisest of sages,
No poetry, music, or art,
Avails me; I turn from the pages
With the longing still fast to my heart!

My castle in Spain is in Spain yet,
Fate never will give it to me.
It's blue-eyed, fair-haired chatelaine yet
Shall never, ah, never shall be
Aught but an intangible vision!
Shall ne'er of my life be a part!
'Twas a dream—just a dream, but elysian—
And sorrow abides in my heart.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A MATCHMAKER

By W. R. ROSE.

"DEAR Brother Jim: This is a very nice place, and I am enjoyin' it accordingly. We are about a mile from the village and the road is good and Miss Laura and I drive over twice a day. Miss Laura lets me drive sumtimes, but she's afrade ile get the horse—his name is The Dook—out of the stile of driving that women prefur. And when I titen up on the lines and The Dook strikes a lively clipp, she says 'Steddy, Tommy,' and then I have to pull him in. But she is a nice girl notwithstandin.' She has the prettiest brown hair, and such depe darke eyes, and such a sweet way of speekin'. And they have a butiful home. It's on a hill and you can see miles around it. From my window I can catch site of the lake thru a gap in the hills. It's a very nice lake tho not depe enuff to drown me—and Laura's father owns it. They say he is pritty rich. Mr. Rummidge—he sells books in the village and lets you borrow them for too sents a day—says Laura's father is a village Creeses. It tells about Creeses somewhere in a book and he was the richest man in the state, but I think he is dead now. I gess you must have heard about him. He was a hystorykal carackter. I wish you was here Brother Jim. We'd have grate times. Laura's most as good as a boy for havin' fun. Thare I heer her callin'. The Dook is a-champin on his bit and waitin' impashent at the cassel gait. That's the way Laura talks. She's most as good as a play actor. Aunt Emmyline says Laura's romantick. So I must close. Write just as soon as you hear from papa and mamma. From your loving brother. "Tom."

James Thornton, rising young attorney, smiled over this epistle and laid it away carefully in a pigeonhole of his desk, whence it would be taken and inclosed with his next letter to the absent parents across the sea.

There was a long gap between brother Jim, aged 27, and brother Tom, aged 12, and this gap had seemingly drawn them closer together. To brother Jim, brpther Tom had never seemed the aggravated nuisance that little brothers usually appear in the eyes of older brothers. Jim had looked with amused tolerance on Tom's wildest pranks, and as for Tom—well, there were few heroes of childish romance that did not suggest his clever big brother. And Tom had been left in Jim's care while the father and not overstrong mother went abroad for the latter's health. It was a hot summer, and Tom was convalescing from a severe case of measles, and so Jim thought it wise to pack him off to a little village that nestled in the woods of the upper Hudson, where he was sure to receive the best of care at the home of a superannuated bookkeeper of the firm of which James Thornton was the newly admitted junior member. And it was from Bookkeeper Barclay's home that Miss Laura Garman had fairly kidnapped him. True, she wrote a model letter to Jim, in which she requested the loan of his young kinsman, but before his answer could be received she had him installed at Greyerag, and in a position to add his petition to hers.

He was such a delightful boy, she wrote, and he would make the hours at Greyerag seem so much less lonesome. Saving for the presence of a maiden aunt she was quite alone there, her father and mother having gone to California to take an invalid sister of the latter. Besides she was sure the altitude of Greycrag was quite certain to hasten the return of Tommy's strength. She hoped this was not taking a liberty, but she had never seen a boy who charmed her quite as much—perhaps because he reminded her of a little brother who had passed away in his seventh year.

What could Brother Jim do? He wrote a qualified acceptance of this letter of invitation. She must promptly return Tom when she tired of him. She mustn't tolerate him if he proved to be rude or unmanageable. And he would ask it as a particular favor if she would at once communicate to him any infraction of conduct of which Tom might be guilty. "Being so very much the youngest of the family," he wrote, in conclusion, "I fear that we fail to realize how thoroughly he is spoiled. No doubt you will find this out very soon. The moment you do, kindly return him to Mr. Barclay, to be left until called for."

Miss Laura Garman briefly acknowledged Brother Jim's letters, promising to faithfully abide by all its conditions and thanking Jim for acceding to her request.

So Brother Tom was ensconced in the Garman household, and, as his many letters set forth, was having the time of his life. At least half of each epistle was given up to this theme, while the other half was devoted to the charms of Miss Laura.

"She's just the one girl for you, Jim," he wrote in one of his daily screeds, for Tom had become quite a letter writer. It may have been brought about by his weakened health and possibly took the place of some more boyish occupation, but it was true that he had Brother Jim hustling in the endeavor to keep up with his busy correspondent. "You'd make a stunin couple. Don't think Ime foolin. Laura likes me so well that Ime pretty sure she would like you too. On my account, of corse. Cant you come down for a day or two?"

And Brother Jim, greatly amused, would thank Brother Tom for his kind wishes for his matrimonial welfare, and assure him that it would be quite impossible for him to get away just at present.

And then one day the letter with the familiar handwriting was a little bulkier than usual. When he opened the envelope a photograph dropped out. It was a portrait of an unusually pretty girl. Of course, this must be Laura Garman. Brother Jim looked at the portrait long and earnestly. Brother Tom wasn't so far wrong when he praised this gentle-faced girl. Brother Jim placed the photograph on the desk where he could use it as a confirmation of Brother Tom's praises, and then picked up the letter.

"I've been fishing for bullheads in the pool," Brother Tom began, "and cot two—and one cot me. It didn't hurt mutch and Laura tied it up with her handkerchee. Ide know about bullheads horns next time. I am sending you Laura's piethure. She don't know it. I begged it from her yesterday. I want you to get it framed up nice and charge it to pa. Then when she says, 'What did you do with my piethoor, Tommy?' Ile say Ime getin' it framed. Can't you come up and see a fellow, Brother Jim? N. b. it don't hater her."

But Brother Jim seemed in no hurry to have the framing contract carried out. The picture lingered on his desk just where he could catch sight of it whenever he chose to look up.

"Dear Brother Tom," he wrote in reply, "I am sorry the bullhead horned you. No doubt if you were a bullhead you would have done the same. I remember having some experience with bullheads myself, but there was no charming young woman's handkerchief to bind my wounds. By the way, that portrait you sent to have framed reflects credit on your taste. Miss Laura deserves all your praise. She is a beautiful girl—and I am sure she is as good as she is beautiful."

Two day's later Brother Tom's reply was received. It was unusually brief, but to the point.

"Brother Jim," he wrote. "I showed your letter to Miss Laura. My, how she blushed. Say, can't you come up next week. There's going to be a big church picnic. Come sure."

Brother Jim scowled darkly. Then he chuckled. What a boy! The idea of his showing the letter. What must the girl think of the liberty he took? Still, there wasn't anything really rude about it. But he must be more careful when he wrote hereafter.

Then he sent Tom a short note, in which he said it would be impossible for him to attend the church picnic.

A few days later Brother Tom wrote in a somewhat melancholy tone. He wasn't feeling quite so well, he guessed he missed his mother—and his father, too, and maybe he was homesick. He wanted to see Brother Jim so much. But if Brother Jim couldn't come, would he send his photograph. It would be some comfort, anyway.

Brother Jim was considerably alarmed over this epistle. This precious young brother mustn't have a relapse. That would never do. So he hastily wrote an encouraging note to Brother Tom, in which Brother Tom was advised to cheer up and be a man—and with the note he forwarded his photograph.

The answer came back promptly, and it was again to the point.

"I shode your piethoor to Miss Laura and she liked it. She made me mad tho when she said you was better looking than me. N. b. I told her it flatered you, Can't you come up Saturday?"

Brother Jim scowled again and laughed again. Really, this scallawag of a youngster wasn't to be trusted with anything. Still, if Miss Garman had any sense of humor she must find him amusing. Then he looked up suddenly at Miss Garman's portrait, and it seemed as if a smile was hovering about the pretty mouth.

And then came another disquieting letter from Brother Tom.

"There's a fellow hanging round here that I don't like," Tom wrote. "It seems Miss Laura met him somewhere and he came to see her cos he found out her father was away. Thats the way it seems to me. He's got snaky eyes and a little black mustash and he laffs a grate deal. I don't reely think that Miss Laura likes nim much. But he's got such a way of smilin' and sayin' soft things. I'll bet he is no good. He called me a cub the other day and Miss Laura dident like it. I'm going to look after her the best I kno how, but I wisht I was a little older."

Two days later another disquieting letter reached Brother Jim.

"That felow is comin more than ever," Tom informed him. "I think there must be sumthing fassinating about him, cause Miss Laura don't seem able to tell him he ain't wanted here. He is in a awful hurry, too. I guess he is afrade her father will come home unexpeckted. He bet my life he is no good. I wish I could talk to sumbody. But there's no use speeking to Miss Laura's aunt. All she thinks about is housekeepin and hired girls. N. b. he called me a cub twice zgane."

The very next day brought the third disquieting letter.

"We were out riding to-day," Brother Tom explained, "and I was gettin' in the little seat behind and I guess he didn't kno how sharp my ear is. Its like that with measles sumtimes I spose. Anyway I heard a lot that he said and what do you think? He wants Miss Laura to run away and marry him. You ought to have heard him beg her. Ain't it a shaim? Sutch a nice girl and nobody to sho her what a misstake she is making. Annyway I know the felow is afrade of her father, cos he said as mutch—and somebody ought to find out about him rite away cos its Friday nite he wants her to go."

Brother Jim looked at the letter long and earnestly and the frown on his handsome face deepened. Then he pulled a pad of blank telegraph messages from a drawer.

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They are waiting for him at the village station, Miss Laura in the pony phaeton and Brother Tom on the platform.

And Brother Tom grabbed him and drew him to the phaeton.

"This is my big brother, Miss Laura," he cried with a tremor of pride, and Brotner Jim found himself bundled in beside the pretty girl, while Brother Tom sat up on the little seat behind.

"We have been expecting you so long and so anxiously—at least one of us has," said the pretty girl with a quick blush, "that it seems quite impossible that you are really here—doesn't it, Tommy?"

"He looks real to me," replied the smiling Brother Tom as he landed a heavy thump on Brother Jim's broad shoulder.

And how delightfully pleased this pretty girl seemed! Was it an assumed delight? He looked around at Tommy and caught him grinning.

And what a charming little feast they had, and what a delightful little mistress of the household the fair girl made.

And after dinner Brother Tom drew Brother Jim away from the lovely presence and took him for a stroll to the little lake.

"Well?" said Brother Tom as they trudged down the shadowy pathway between the trees.

"Well?" echoed Brother Jim.

"Nice, isn't she?"

"Very nice."

"Did I make it too strong about her?"

"Is this a confidential conversation?" inquired Brother Jim with a short laugh.

"It is," Brother Tom replied.

"And not a word to be repeated to any third party?"

"Not a word."

"Well, then," said Brother Jim, "you didn't make it strong enough."

Whereat Brother Tom landed a heavy blow from a puny fist in the midst of Brother Jim's waistcoat.

"Good old Jimmy!" he cried.

And then it was that Brother Jim put a heavy hand on Brother Tom's shoulder.

"See here," he gruffly said, "where is that black-mustached fellow with the snaky eyes?"

"Oh, I just made him up," said Brother Tom.

And Brother Jim suddenly laughed —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BOASTING TRAVELER.

Find Another Man.

A Man was one day entertainng a lot of fellows in an alehouse with an account of the wonders he had done when abroad on his travels. "I was once at Rhodes," said he, "and the people of Rhodes, you know, are famous for jumping. Well, I took a jump there that no other man could come within a yard of. That's a fact, and if we were there I could bring you ten men who would prove it." "What need is there to go to Rhodes for witnesses?" asked one of his hearers; "just imagine that you are there now and show us your leap."

MORAL.—It is very weak in all men to be solicitous with their company to believe them when they are relating a matter of fact in which themselves were a party concerned.

SNAKES IN IRELAND.

Ticklish Undertaking Said by an American to Have Been Performed by Himself.

An American named Warwick has been taking an interest of late in the tradition that St. Patrick drove the snakes and vermin out of Ireland. He has just visited the island, and now in a letter to the London Times he sets forth his experiences as follows:

"As a matter of record only, I beg to state that I arrived from America on the Celtic about ten days ago. I landed at Queenstown, and went to Cork. At Blarney castle I liberated 14 good sized rattlesnakes, one with six, two with four rattles, the balance quite young. Time will tell if St. Patrick's edict is a myth or not."

This letter leaves much to be desired in point of clearness, remarks the Washington Star. It raises an immediate doubt as just what Mr. Warwick did at Blarney castle. Did he "liberate" the 14 rattlers from their hiding places in the rocks in order to kill them? Or did he "liberate" them from a crate in order to test the antisnake charm? This is too ticklish a matter to permit any misunderstanding. Ireland is very jealous of her reputation as a snakeless soil, and either reading of the letter to the Times suggests trouble for Warwick, as a libeler or as a smuggler of contraband creatures. The people of Hawaii to-day would like to get hold of the man who brought the first pestiferous insects into those previously blessed isles, and just so there would probably be a price on the head of any man who "liberated" venomous snakes in Ireland in the sense that word is usually understood. It is evident that Mr. Warwick has been grossly careless in his use of either the English language or his 14 rattlers.

A Police Exhibit.

An interesting exhibit at the world's fair, St. Louis, next year, will be the police exhibit. The exhibit will show the evolution of the policeman, a gallery of noted police officials, and also tpyes of the various grades of criminals. The exhibit will also include a display of police equipments, stations, etc.

Sugar in Russia.

According to the official returns there were 175 sugar mills in operation in European Russia last year. The beet crop of the country amounted to nearly 9,000,000 tons, while the area under cultivation was 1,310,000 acres.

Powers of Liquid Air.

A ball of india rubber immersed in liquid air becomes brittle, and if dropped to the floor breaks like glass. A lead ball when put in liquid air acquires elasticity and will rebound like the rubber ball in its normal state.

Hebrews in London.

Hebrews have increased in the East End of London to such an extent during the last year that other inhabitants, not able to live under the same conditions, are compelled to move to make room for them.

Valuable Pearls.

Among the fresh-water pearls found in Arkansas this year were four that were sold in the aggregate for $1,800.

Fretfulness.

Fretfulness of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.—Blair.

AN EQUINE PASTORAL.

Sad Old Crowbait Gets One Good Mouthful of the Good Things of Life.

It was a very warm day, and horses as well as men and women looked listless and spiritless. One lean, sad looking creature with a melancholy air, in spite of the gayly decorated bonnet tied modestly under its chin, stood retrospectively thinking of green pastures and waving cornfields, where as a skittish young colt he nibbled sweet clover and fresh oats. What a change from those days of his joyous youth! A limpid light shone in his eye, and he looked sadly about at the surging crowd of busy citizens, says the New York Times.

Just at that moment a fruit vender, his stock in trade shining golden in the sun, pushed his cart right in front of the horse's nose. The smell of ripe fruit rose like incense. The weary horse started, and the odor of the pears formed another link in memory's chain.

He saw the slim fruit trees and the ripe fruit lying thick upon the ground. He bent his head with a joyful flirt of the ears; life seemed good to him again. He opened his mouth wide and two mellow, golden pears disappeared as by magic. Again he applied himself to two more, and still again.

He might have gone on eating the whole stand, wood and all, if some officious passer-by had not called the Italian's attention.

With a cry of rage the keeper of the golden fruit sprang upon the offending beast. With a snort and an upward kick the horse defended himself. Then suddenly the weight of years settling heavily upon him again, he allowed himself to be led away while the bereaved Italian added the price of six pears at "three for a dime" to the side of "utter loss" in his ledger.

Compromise.

Maude—Yes, he declared that he was willing to go to the ends of the earth for me.

Clara—And what did you say?

"I told him it would be just as satisfactory to me, and much easier for him if he could go home—and he went."—Chicago Daily News.

When She Played "Hiawatha."

"I'd rather hear Miss Dinsmore play 'Hiawatha' than anyone else," said Twynn.

"I thought you were weary of that piece," replied Triplett.

"I am, but she plays it so badly it sounds like something else."—Town Topics.

A Bushel of Wheat.

The amount of human labor now required to produce a bushel of wheat from beginning to end is on an average only ten minutes, and the cost of such labor is three and one-third cents.

Automobile Factories.

So far as can be ascertained there are 135 automobile factories in the United States, 10 of which make electric machines, 100 make gasoline machines and 25 make steam power machines.

Greek Museums.

The present policy in Greece is not to sell archaeological objects, but to keep them in the places where they were exhumed and exhibit them in museums.

Some Chicago Institutions.

There are 5,802 saloons, 60 asylums, 76 pawnshops, 37 cemeteries and 140 constables in Chicago.